

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

JOSEPH BROOKS has arranged with Cohen and Harris to bring his production of "The Majesty of the Duke" to the Majestic Theatre here early in August. The play, which has been running for more than six months at the Cort Theatre, Chicago, is now on tour and will remain in New York until June.

Incidentally, the announcement of yesterday that Mr. Brooks would star William H. Crane in his old vehicle, "Father and the Boys," in association with the Frohman Company, is causing some guessing. For the benefit of those who are wondering, it may be stated that Mr. Brooks has joined hands with the Frohman Company in this instance merely because the Frohman Company controls the play. Joseph Brooks is an independent producer and says he will remain so.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.
I came to write a play. 'Twas a wonderful play. At least, I was sure it was such. It took me a month to complete it and say—I felt it possessed just the touch to make it a winner; to startle the town and bring me in dollars galore. To visit producers at once I went down. I'll never write plays any more. The first one I saw took my drama to read. "It looks like a pippin," he said. I warned him to hurry—to cultivate speed, lest somebody grab it. Instead, three weeks passed and he gave my play back. "It's fine, but I'm busy," said he. "At playwriting you have a marvelous knack." And that's all the man said to me. Another producer went over my play and kept it a month, maybe more; then sent it to me by the postman one day. 'Twas great, but he'd such a large store. Two others informed me the play was a peach—a drama that just couldn't fail. A nice little letter was sent me by each. The play also came in the mail. I took that blamed drama and used it one day to kindle a blaze in the grate. It cracked and flared. Oh, I really must say it burned at a wonderful rate. The blaze that it started was bright as could be. As kindling 'twas fine, I confess. And when it was gone I just choked in grief. My drama had proved a success.

MABEL MCKINLEY RETURNING.
After an absence from the stage of eighteen months, Mabel McKinley, niece of President McKinley, is to re-enter vaudeville with a new repertoire of songs. She will first appear at Keeney's Newark Theatre on May 15. In private life Miss McKinley is Mrs. Dr. Herman Baer of Mount Vernon.

A SONG TO ORDER.
Again we wish to announce that we always strive to please. We have been asked to write another song to help a love affair along and we're going to do it. Peter Hochstetler of Jersey City frankly states that he's in love with a girl named Josephine and he wants a lyric to sing to her. "Make it one of those 'long years ago' songs," he requests. "That will show her what might happen if she doesn't marry me. I'll fix up the tune."

All right, Pete! Here's the song:
Oh, Josephine! Oh, Josephine! I wonder where you're at.
It's twenty miles from you and I together took and eat.
Remember the spreading maple tree; too bad fate wrecked our love.
By casting you in Mary Schmidt, the butcher with the knife.
Perhaps some day our paths will cross and we will meet again.
I'll never forget, when last we met, you touched me for a kiss.
Chorus:
Oh, Josephine, my darling! Oh, Josephine, my dear!
I remember your golden hair; the smile upon your face.
I love you now, sweet Josephine, the same as I did then.
Come back and heal my broken heart and don't forget the tea.

GOSSIP.
Harry Sweetman will handle the wardrobe for the Friars' Frolic. He's learning to sew.
Emma Mabel Haig, dancer, has been engaged for terpsichorean stunts in the new "Follies."

Yvette Guilbert has arranged to sail for France May 11. She may return to America next fall.
An electric sign in Weehawken says: "We Clean Feathers While You Wait On Your Hat." There you are, folks. Make your own jokes.
Marie Tempest, in her new play, "A Lady's Name," will appear at the Nixon Theatre, Atlantic City, Friday and Saturday.
In the envelope containing the Shubert press matter, sent us for to-day,

Bumstead's Worm Syrup.
For 50 years the safe and sure remedy for worms. It never fails. One bottle kills 250 worms. Sold every where. See a bottle, 25c. C. A. KIMBLE & Co., N. Y. City, N. Y.

"S'MATTER, POP?"



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—What if He'd Hired TWO Lawyers?



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Axel Was Looking for Satisfaction, but Only His Curiosity Got It!



was a nickel. Don't know why, but it's a grand idea. Come on, boys—get the habit.
The auction of Lamb's Gambol seats at the Hudson yesterday brought a total in premiums of \$4,170. The auction will be continued at the same theatre Friday afternoon.
Thirty chorus girls from "Stop, Look, Listen!" and "Watch Your Step!" have gone into the Hippodrome show in order to permit thirty of the regular "Hill Hoppers!" girls to have a vacation each week.
Frank Farrington has been added to the cast of "Somebody's Luggage" in which Jimmy Powers will shortly be seen. The typewritten announcement of this fact says, also, that Paul Swan wrote the play. Good work, Paul, old handsome!

YES, HOW IS HE, GEN?
Well, Genevieve Wood, you certainly looked fine in that pink silk creation at the dance Saturday night. And that diamond necklace! By the way, how is W. S. Genevieve?
"Rambler," in Greenpoint Home News.
FOOLISHMENT.
"Oh, Mom," said Max of Kew-Forest, "No longer can you be my love. Get out! You're old! And don't be slow. Oh I will beat you one, Mom!"
FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
"Do you think you'll have much trouble popping the question?"
"No, I think I'll have more trouble questioning the Pop!"

Pepper and Salt
PASSED BY
HAZEN CONKLIN
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Some men who by some standards rise,
By other standards fall;
I know some grasping men who have
No "mental grasp" at all.
AMOS CRABB SAYS: "Many of the weeds of human society are disguised by their flowery talk."
SIMPLY SILLY STUFF.
Beware the deadly I. O. U., which don't begin until you're "through"; it feeds on stakes and poker chips and gobbles rolls done brown on "tips."
Escape the subtle C. O. D., which never lets a thing go free; Run for your life before you're caught—it may be something wife bought!
Sidestep the crafty F. O. B., which likes to dazzle you and me; It makes a price look good to you—until you pay the freight that's due!
Pass by the innocent P. S., which seems a trifle, more or less; In wife's letters, at the end, it may refer to cash—"Please Send."
By spouting all the time some men vainly hope they'll be mistaken for "fountains of wisdom."
WHOM DO YOU HATE.
Hated by W. B. B. Jamaica, L. I.
I hate the blurb who takes me home to dinner at his house On cook's day off, whereas I draw the venom of his spouse.
(Hated by M. A. M. J. New York City)
I hate the zowk on whose bald pate no hair has ever grown, Who tries to sell me tonics sure to grow it on my own!
(Hated by P. P. Brooklyn)
I hate the yub who taps me for a five spot "till to-morrow" And then avoids me for a year to my financial sorrow.
Humorists who seem to think it comedy when hubby comes home from the banquet and finds two keyholes in the door have thus far overlooked the heart-breaking tragedy when he sees two wives waiting for him with clubs!

Good Stories
Evidently He Had.
ROBERT was having a very successful career at college. He had scored the winning touchdown in the big game of the year, and was mentioned by the experts for the All-American team. But Robert's father was not satisfied.
"I'm afraid, my son," said he, "that you are not making good use of your time at college. I hear very unfavorable reports about your work."
"Gee whizz!" exclaimed Robert. "You must have been talking to one of the professors." — Philadelphia Public Ledger.
No Acorn.
WHEN James A. Garfield was president of Oberlin College a man brought for entrance as a student his son, for whom he wished a shorter course than the regular one.
"The boy can never take all that in," said the father. "He wants to get through quicker. Can you arrange it for him?"
"Oh, yes," said Mr. Garfield. "He can take a short course; it all depends on what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years, but He takes only two months to make a squash." — Christian Register.

When You Were a Boy
By Jack Callahan
REMEMBER THE TIME MOTHER MADE YOU WEAR SISTERS GARMENT FOR BEING NAUGHTY?
THE NEXT TIME I TELL YOU TO GO TO THE STORE YOU'RE GOIN' TO GO!
BELIEVE ME AL, HE'S THERE WITH A PERFECT 36 - HA-HA!
HE LOOKS LIKE A PARIS FASHION PLATE. BUT I FEAR THE PLATE WAS CRACKED.
HO-HO! I'D JUST LOVE TO HAVE HIS GANG GET A LOOK AT HIM NOW. THERE'D BE A MASSACRE.
CENSORED
WHERE ART THOU GOING MY PRETTY MAID?
MAKE HIM WASH THE DISHES MAMA.

The new ARROW COLLAR
spring style, in two heights
ASHBY & Co. LEXICON & Co. MAKERS
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC. MAKERS

ADDED ADAGES.
"Noodle soup should be seen and not heard."
GOOD IDEAS GONE WRONG.
Roller towels.
The advent of the warm days brings joy to all but the husbands whose wives make them keep their coats on while entertaining company. Betcha the male half of the "company" feels the same about it, too.
SCRAMBLED EGG PUZZLES—NO. 28.
Before the letters in this egg were scrambled they spelled the name of something which apparently causes the most pride in men who have the least of it.
See if you can arrange the words to spell what they originally did. The scrambled letters in Saturday's egg spelled "RECREATION."

In a Bad Fix.
ONE dark night three friends were crossing a deep, dry ravine, the banks of which were very precipitous. As the party had been imbibing a little too freely, one of the three had to be assisted up the incline. When, thinking him safe at the top, his friends turned him loose, he tumbled to the bottom. He lay very still. As they leaned over to discover his condition, the fallen one exclaimed: "For God's sake, strike a match! I think I am unconscious." — Every body's.

WHAT TOMMY SAW IN THE WOODS
By Ferd G. Long
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Over Particular.
A NEGRO porter, nearly eighty years old, was arrested on some trivial charge, for which he was later discharged. It proved, during the trial, that he had never seen the inside of a court before, and the bustle of events greatly amazed and embarrassed him.
"Do you solemnly swear that the testimony you shall give in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help your God?"
And the negro started back, gasping. Then he turned quickly to the bench.
"Mr. Brites," he said, for he knew His Honor from boyhood in an unusual capacity, "Ise perfectly willin' to tell de truth, but mas' I be all copped up datter way in case I might want ter git des a step or two offin' de road? Hit don't give a man no leeway, sub?—Case and Commons."